



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



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## Charivaria

HERR HITLER's problem has now become that of pouring oil on the troubled flames in the Balkans.

With reference to the reported breach between the two, it is now pointed out that Signor MUSSOLINI is still on good listening terms with the FUEHRER.

The law which says that drink can be consumed at certain hours only if sandwiches are also served is still in force, the only difference being that now the sandwiches are consumed too.

"Never get angry when attempting to crank up an obstinate car," says a writer. There's always the risk of flying off the handle.



"Balancing a book on the head will give you a good carriage," says a writer. Roll your eyes and gibber a little and you'll probably get the carriage all to yourself.

A bird in Australia snatches hair from the human head to line its nest. Keen ornithologists continue to make a study of this species until baldness sets in.



Mr. MATSUOKA has now returned to Japan from the Land of the Setting Son-in-law.

"Count CIANO is no longer the force in Italian politics that he was," we read.

In the Mediterranean battle Italian warships fired at each other. This proves, as Rome radio will doubtless point out, that the Italian navy has plenty of ammunition.

HITLER, it appears, is not a strict vegetarian, and occasionally enjoys roast chicken. Turkey, however, disagrees with him.

A scientist says it might be possible to devise a scheme for sinking warships by wireless. He's too late. GOEBBELS perfected it long ago.

"Our mechanised forces are bound to meet theirs head to head. That will be the real tug-of-war on land."

Mr. Garvin in "The Observer."

It's a small globe, isn't it?



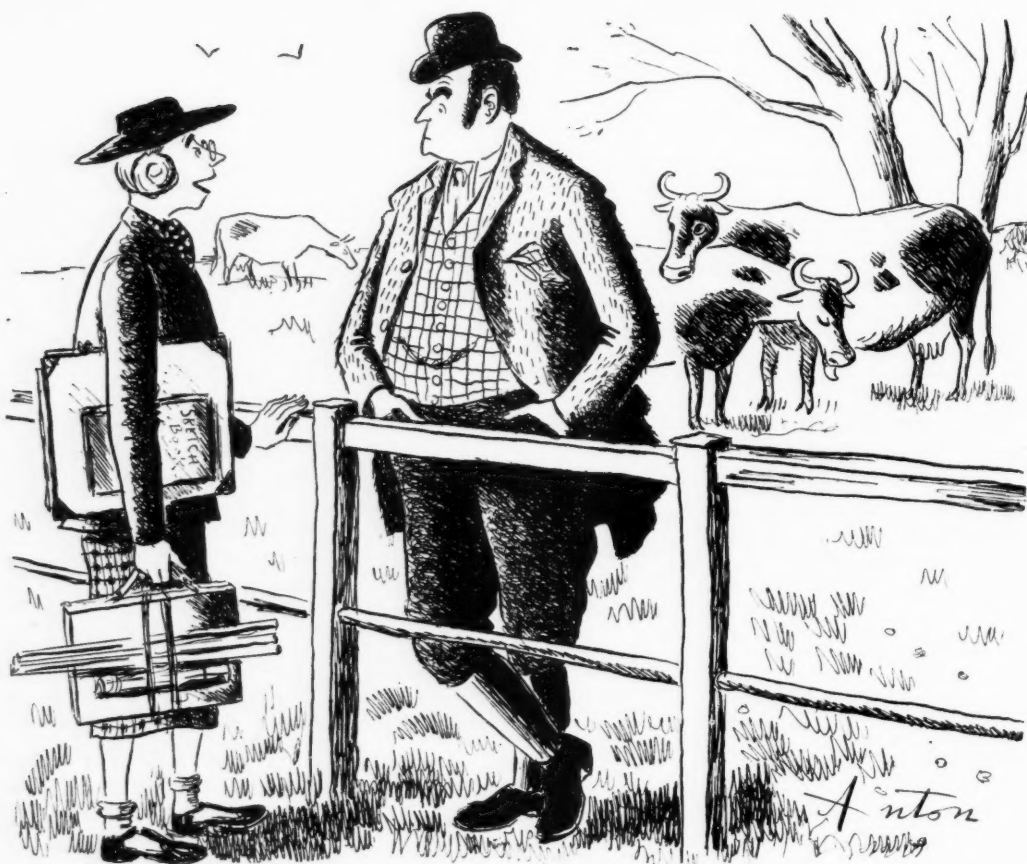
"Capable Mother, girl 9, by 5, desires post in Home Counties."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

The doors have to be wide, though.

An American hall porter claims to have the most powerful lungs in the world. He has been known to blow on a revolving door until it is a mere blur.

"The fat man is generally very polite and has a sense of humour," says a writer. When meeting friends he bows from what he laughingly calls the waist.



*"Do you think one of your cows would pose for me?"*

### Our Secret Service Officer

None can say we don't take ourselves seriously out here in the Islands. In war-time this is all the more necessary because no one else seems to do so.

It is for this reason, therefore, that we take no chances of not being considered important enough to follow step for step the precautions taken at home, and we do not let the Old Country get too far ahead of us in making war-time appointments.

After the fall of Norway we decided it was high time we had a Secret Service of our own, and a well-known local man who had a pull was selected.

He was not quite sure what particular service he had to render, except that it was secret. It was so secret that he hoped that no one else would know

who he was or what he had to do; and without that knowledge it was obvious that no one could criticize anything he did or failed to do, or know who was to blame for anything he did or left undone.

Apparently his most onerous job was to sit and listen to the conversations at the club and drink each successive rum punch in a more mysterious manner than the last.

So secret and mysterious was he that it was not long before people began to suspect him of being the Secret Service Officer.

No one actually said so, but it was obvious from the number of people willing to stand him drinks that he was Suspect No. 1.

Until then, owing to the frank manner in which I was always ready to

discuss war problems, I had achieved a certain amount of popularity. By the simple device of appearing to be reluctantly convinced of any other fellow's point of view, and even going to the length of admitting that it *did* after all coincide with that of certain Cabinet Ministers—who until that moment I had thought to be wrong—I was able to drink more and yet pay less for drinks than in peace-time.

But I noticed I was now losing, and the suspected S.S.O. was gaining, ground in popularity and free drinks.

The situation became so acute that it had almost reached the stage of a crisis. I had already spent many anxious and restless nights trying to find a means of regaining my lost ground when it suddenly struck me that not only the strength but the

weakness of any Secret Service *lies in its very secrecy.*

The real article cannot admit he is an S.S.O. for the simple reason that the moment he does he ceases to be secret.

On the other hand, I didn't care a hang how many people believed I was the S.S.O. In fact the more who did the greater the amount of hospitality I should enjoy, and at the same time I felt I should be doing a patriotic public service by distracting attention from Smith.

I wrote a couple of anonymous letters to him, pasted on labels "Opened by Censor," put them in the letter-rack at the club, and awaited results.

In less than a quarter of an hour three curious old busy-bodies had examined them, shaken their heads and walked away. One even returned, and taking them out of the rack again, looked them over on both sides and held them up to the light.

They were all three sitting at a table with their heads together when I came into the reading-room and joined them.

"It's a damned curious thing," said Barnes, "that they should censor *his* letters."

"Whose letters, and why?" I asked innocently.

"Haven't you seen the letter-rack?" inquired Green in a voice that left no room for doubt as to what he meant.

"Yes, of course I've seen it," I said, "it's part of my job to notice these things. What's wrong with it?"

"Why, Smith's letters have been censored—*Smith* of all people!" spluttered Robinson. "Damn it all, man, you'd think that *his* correspondence at least would not be tampered with!"

"Smith—Smith—" I murmured in a puzzled manner—"Smith—what are you talking about? Why on earth should Smith's correspondence be exempted from censorship?"

All three raised their eyebrows in astonishment. "After all," said Barnes, "if secrecy is to be preserved—"

"Ahem! Ahem!" coughed Green warningly, while Robinson rapidly interrupted with "Well, I personally think it's merely a blind. Perhaps the letters have not been opened after all—the censors merely put those labels on to create the impression that no exception is made with Smith's correspondence. Jolly clever, I call it."

"Nonsense!" I said, "I happen to know that they were censored, and I happen to know that there is no reason why they should not have been censored. I don't mind telling you I happen to know that no letters are exempt from censorship except those of the S.S.O."

"Well, but—" interrupted Barnes and Green together.

"But what?" I asked sharply, cutting them short. "I know that is a fact and no one should know it better than I do—that no letter intended for the S.S.O. has in fact ever been interfered with by the censors or anyone else."

"Why—why—how do you know?" stammered Robinson.

I dropped my eyes in confusion, and then, putting on a look of mystery so deep that it made Smith's normal air look like an open book, I lowered my voice to a tone that brought their heads together, and after looking cautiously over my left shoulder whispered, "I can't tell you without violating my Oath of Secrecy, but though I would not say it to anybody but you three I don't think any real harm will be done by my repeating that I am the only person who is in a position to know that no letter of the S.S.O. has in fact ever been tampered with."

"Think it out for yourselves," I continued. "I can't go farther than that, but you can take it from me that that is so."

Getting up and going softly to the door I opened it suddenly, looked out into the passage and returned to my seat.

Registering even more profound mystery, I looked cautiously over my other shoulder and said out of the corner of my mouth, "This of course is between us—in the strictest confidence. Mine is a difficult position and people here are so infernally curious that the only way in which I can hope to preserve my anonymity is to have someone else create the impression he is doing my job."

"Good old Smith came to my rescue," I went on, "and I must say he's done his work well—so far. But whatever you do, please, remember this is highly confidential, and remember that whatever conclusion you may come to as to the result of this conversation, it is of the greatest importance that no one of you should mention it to anyone else."

Glancing at the clock and rising hurriedly I added, "I must be off now—I have to be at—no, perhaps I'd better not mention where."

I was dining that night with the Scandells. When I arrived old Mrs. Scandell pulled me aside mysteriously and handed me an official envelope marked "On His Majesty's Service," heavily sealed and bearing the inscription "Secret Service" in red capitals above my name.

"This came for you five minutes

ago," she whispered, "it was delivered by hand and as I thought it might be important I kept it in my bag."

"How fortunate it did not fall into other hands," I murmured, putting it furtively in my pocket unopened.

"But aren't you going to open it?" she asked. "It may be important."

"Of course it's important," I said, "but in my job I'm not even allowed to open these letters in anyone's presence, so if you'll excuse me for a moment or two I'll just go outside to my car."

When I returned with the frank smile of a man trying not to look mysterious, I was met by a hostess made almost breathless by her efforts to conceal her curiosity.

Closing one eye slowly, I lowered my voice to one of conspiracy and said cautiously, "It's all right so long as no one but you and I knows about that letter, and I know the secret is safe in *your* hands."

Raising my voice as her husband approached, I added brightly, "Yes, I agree—it's been so hot lately I'm sure there'll soon be rain."

Next day early I called on Mrs. Scandell and told her the truth, knowing perfectly well it was the only thing she would not believe.

"I want to confess," I said gravely, "that I sent that letter to myself here last night for reasons I am not at present allowed to disclose. So shall we both forget that it ever passed through your hands?"

"Of course, dear Mr. Parker," she agreed effusively. "I quite understand." So that was that.

The S.S.O.'s job being an honorary one, its only recompense is the kudos it carries with it, plus perks in the shape of dinner invitations and free drinks at the Club.

The kudos itself is so secret that it can hardly be described as satisfying. The dinners and drinks, being real, are the reverse.

Within twenty-four hours I was satisfied that though the work, if any, was still being done by Smith, all the perks have come my way.

PS.—I've just heard a rumour that Smith intends to resign, and now my only fear is that I may be unable to avoid being appointed S.S.O.

o o

"For most of the small-seeded vegetables like onions, an ounce of seed should go at least 100 feet. With larger seeds like spinach and beet an ounce to 60 ft.

An ounce of lettuce seed should go at least 120 ft."—*Daily Sketch*.

Our sparrows make it go for miles.

## *Vale, Alumnus! Salve, Nuncius!*

*These unpublished lines by the late C. H. Bretherton ("Algol") about his friendship with Serbians during the last war were sent to us a few days ago.*

**F**ROM a far land of valleys,  
 A fair land of pastures,  
 A fine land of mountains,  
 A brave land of heroes,  
 Where men plough with oxen  
 And dance in the twilight,  
 And sing in the twilight  
 Old songs long remembered  
 Of lovers divided  
 And prowess of warriors;  
 From a land desolate,  
 Ravished by foemen,  
 Crushed but unconquered,  
 Exiled you came to us,  
 Andritch the Serbian,  
 Poet and soldier,  
 Scholar and gipsy,  
 Gentle companion;  
 Came to us, stayed with us,  
 Played with us, danced with us,  
 Won from our children  
 (Were you not one of them?)  
 Trust and affection;  
 Earned from our wise men  
 Golden opinions.

Now you must go from us  
 Back to your own land,  
 Back to a free land  
 Where the voice of the war god  
 Is gone from the valleys  
 And the heel of the conqueror  
 Harries no longer  
 The graves of dead heroes.  
 Back to your own folk,  
 Back to your own land  
 Where the slow Danube  
 Flows between fair hills,  
 Dreaming a fair dream  
 Of a people united.  
 Tempered by suffering  
 To greatness of spirit,  
 From the ashes of patriots  
 Wakening to glory.  
 Not of the drawn sword,  
 Not in the war field,  
 But in the corn lands  
 When the young ear ripens,

College and cloister  
 Where thought comes slowly,  
 Yea, in the workshops  
 Where man the earth-fettered  
 Forges his destiny.

Go, and God speed you;  
 Go, and if kind thoughts  
 Avail in the life-fight,  
 Happiness surely  
 Will wait on your footsteps  
 In days still unnumbered.  
 Yea, and when twilight  
 Falls on the fair hills,  
 And the slow barges  
 Slip through the dusk on  
 Highways of silver  
 Down to Constanza,  
 Then will your thoughts come  
 To a far land of rivers,  
 A fair place of gardens,  
 A town built of old time  
 That learning might flourish,  
 To Oxford, our mother  
 To whom we, her children,  
 Delight to do honour,  
 Upholding her greatness.  
 Proud will you be then,  
 Proud to have known her,  
 Proud to have loved her,  
 Proudest to be her  
 Wisdom's ambassador.  
 Bear, then, the message,  
 Her message to all men,  
 Learned in her cloisters  
 By scholars and wise men,  
 Taught on her playfields,  
 On towpath and track, to  
 Generations of sportsmen;  
 Bear you her message,  
 The message of England:  
 "In the councils of nations  
 Let there be Justice;  
 In the lives of the people  
 Let there be Happiness;  
 In the hearts of all true men  
 Let there be light!"

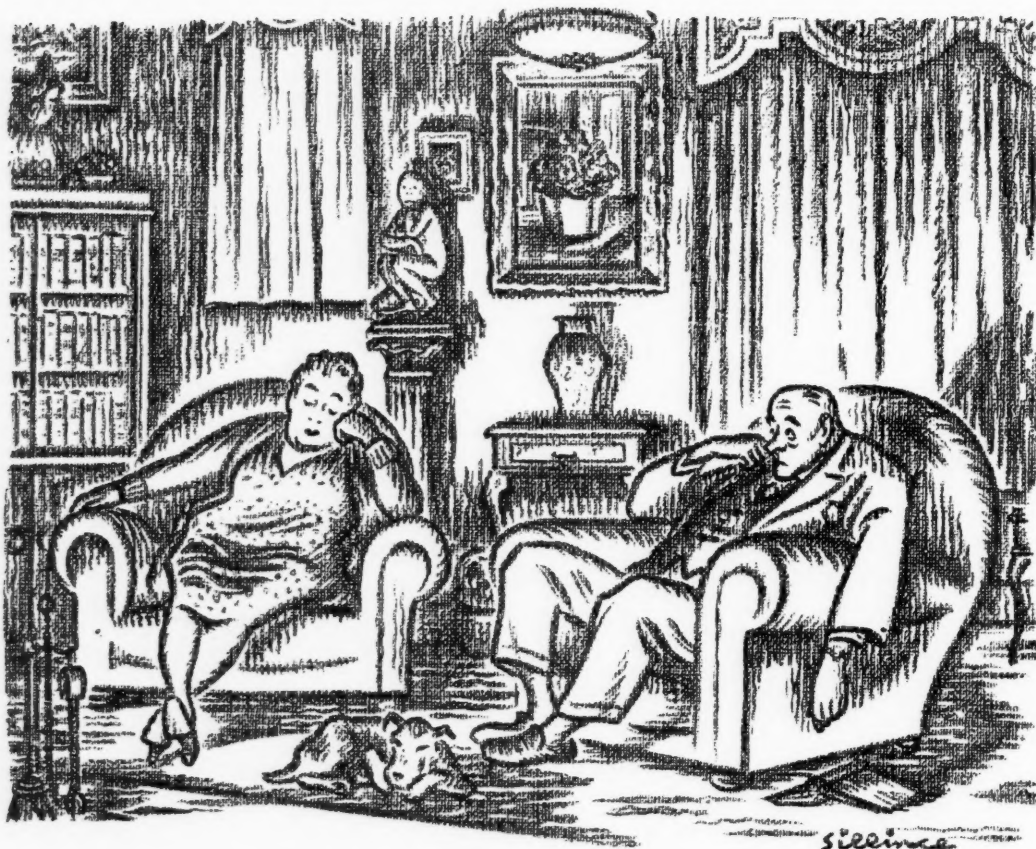
ALGOL.





### THE INSCRUTABLE ORIENT

"Tell me, what did you *really* think of Italy?"  
"I thought the olive-trees were wonderful."



"Three hours! I wonder how much longer this bally alert's going to last?"

### Cottage Cottage Cottage

"A COTTAGE in the country. Quite a tiny one, and very, very cheap," said Priscilla. "And within fifty miles of London."

Civility constrained one to say "Yes, of course," whilst at the same time paying attention to a rather difficult sum which involved subtracting the greater from the less (overdraft from credit balance actually).

"A living room and preferably a separate tiny kitchen, and a tiny bathroom—and two bedrooms would really be ample."

"Have a box-room too," one suggested, after making perfectly certain that a total of thirteen and fourpence, taken from two and sevenpence, *didn't* come to whatever it was one had

originally put down on the back of Miss Littlemug's last letter.

"A box-room under the rafters. And one could always put up a divan bed if one had a whole house-party—say two people at once," Priscilla pointed out.

"What about a garage?"

"Oh, a garage of course. A little converted lean-to with just enough room to store the wood and the apples as well as the car."

"The apples?"

"Oh," said Priscilla, "I've always wanted an orchard. Just think of planting daffodils under one's own apple-trees!"

"Yes, indeed. What do you make seven times twelve come to?"

Priscilla said she didn't know—and it was only too evident that she didn't care either. She just went on with this dream-cottage business.

"The garden has got to be so small that it's practically invisible, because I shall be doing all the work in it myself."

"If it's invisible will it be worth while doing much work in it?"

The quip—for such it was—passed utterly unheeded. Priscilla was explaining that it wouldn't matter about electric light so long as there was room for a boiler that would heat the water, and that, talking about water, a tiny little stream running in front of the cottage would be absolutely ideal. Willows were her favourite trees,

and kingcups and forget-me-nots were amongst the flowers she preferred, and kingfishers the birds that she really liked best. It was well known, said Priscilla, that any little stream, however tiny, would be almost certain to include willows, kingcups, forget-me-nots and kingfishers.

Charles came in.

He said that seven times twelve was ninety-six.

Priscilla said: "I was just talking about my cottage. Quite tiny, and very cheap indeed, with a living-room and a kitchen and a bathroom and just two bedrooms and an attic, and a minute garden in front and an orchard with about three apple-trees in it at the back. And willow-trees and king—"

"I'm afraid," said Charles, "that a good many people are looking for something like that nowadays, and the fact of the matter is, there are no cottages to be had. And if there were they certainly wouldn't be cheap. The demand at the moment is far in excess of the supply."

Aunt Emma said that evacuees were everywhere, and quickly added that of course one couldn't wish them to be anywhere else, and Uncle Egbert, more crudely, said that Priscilla might just as well talk about wanting the moon at once as a cottage within fifty miles of London, let alone two bedrooms and a garage and an orchard.

Priscilla then surprised and annoyed everybody by explaining that she'd found the cottage, just the day before yesterday, and it had all the things she wanted, except the forget-me-nots and kingcups and kingfishers, because it was still too early in the year for them.

Aunt Emma said that home, be it ever so humble, was still home—and nobody knew whether she meant the cottage or Priscilla's parents' house in Salisbury.

Uncle Egbert just asked What about the drains?

And Charles remarked that he couldn't help feeling it was more good luck than good management, and she wouldn't get the workmen out of the place under three months.

Personally one tried to show a more sympathetic spirit by asking Priscilla if she would care to have two old oil-lamps, and a short length of blue stair-carpet, and one or two gooseberry bushes for the orchard.

She said Yes to all of them.

After that, in the rather acid phrase of Aunt Emma, it was cottage cottage cottage. Mostly on postcards, as Priscilla hadn't time to write any letters because she was overseeing the workmen and digging in the orchard.

Aunt Emma has never really understood Priscilla. She didn't even understand the postcards, because when the last one said, in rather a scrawl: "Isn't it too marvellous! Have got three Elenheims in orchard!" Aunt Emma's only comment was that dearest Priscilla *must* be talking nonsense, as there wouldn't be room for them to land—let alone take off. E. M. D.

#### Faith Restorers

"Some people say shelters are unhealthy and have no faith in their safety, but you are all right if you suck antiseptic lozenges." *Schoolboy's Essay.*

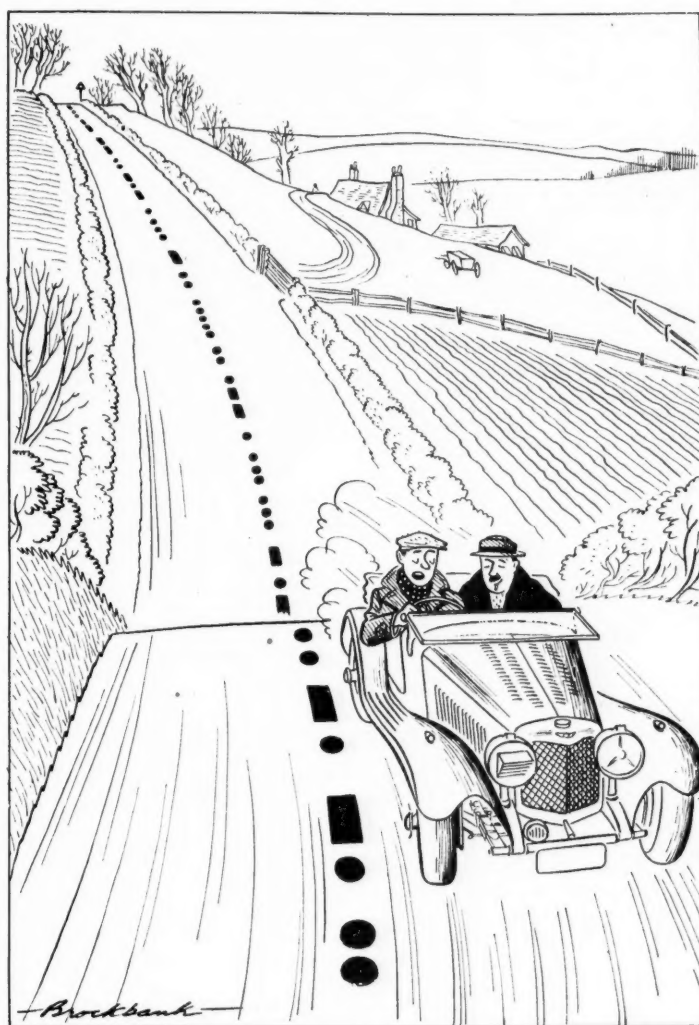
"Mrs. S——, owner of the chickens—taken to court in a wicker basket covered with sacking—said . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Having used up all her petrol coupons?

#### Blasphemy

"This time God Almighty . . . not on the side of the hypocritical blasphemers . . . stands and falls with the strong German arms."—*A Nazi Weekly.*

"WITH the Reich," the Nazi calls, "God Almighty stands and falls." Falls? To what almighty State? We blasphemers hesitate . . .



" . . . and then all this bilge about a Fifth Column in dear old England . . ."



## At the Pictures

### MR. HITCHCOCK'S NEW DEPARTURE

ASKED to guess from internal evidence the director of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, the only people correctly suggesting ALFRED HITCHCOCK would be those who really were only guessing. This picture bears no signs at all of our Mr. HITCHCOCK's taste in story or atmosphere, and no signs that I could detect of his directorial style. And yet, and yet . . . though it is what they call a "marital comedy," such as Hollywood has been slickly turning out for years past, it has an unaccustomed mood; there is something indefinable about it that makes it interesting, and I am ready to give Mr. HITCHCOCK the credit for this because I don't see any other reason for it. In the story, *David Smith* (ROBERT MONTGOMERY) is a successful young lawyer, and *Ann* (CAROLE LOMBARD) his romantically-minded and rather over-whimsical wife; and on the very day when he has idly answered her idle question by saying No, he probably wouldn't marry her if it were all to do again, it turns out that having been married in Nevada with an Idaho licence they aren't legally husband and wife. They quarrel; she throws him out and rediscovers the delights of being plain *Miss Ann Krausheimer*, wooed by his serious-minded, priggish partner *Jeff* (GENE RAYMOND—with dark hair); and the rest of the picture is farcical pursuit stuff—*David* tails after her demanding to be taken back, and she uses *Jeff* to make him jealous. It is all unimportant but diverting; there is nothing at all sinister in the HITCHCOCK manner. Some of the minor characters may be troublesome, but with no touch of menace; and the New York and winter-holiday scenes are bright and matter-of-fact.

Mr. HITCHCOCK might have been more in his element with *Victory*, which was actually directed by JOHN CROMWELL; but given the story as adjusted for the screen, I don't know

that even he could have done much better with it. Unlike the last two CONRAD titles given to films (*The Secret Agent* and *Typhoon*), *Victory* really means the CONRAD story; more or less. That is to say, it is about *Heyst* (*Hendrik*, for some reason, instead of *Axel*) and *Alma* and



[Victory]

### ANOTHER TRIPARTITE PACT

<i>Makanoff</i> . . . . .	FRITZ FELD
<i>Schomberg</i> . . . . .	SIG RUMANN
<i>Mme. Makanoff</i> . . . . .	RAFAELA OTTIANO

*Schomberg* and *Jones* and *Ricardo* in *Sourabaya* and *Samburan*; but it makes *Heyst* merely the ordinary "recluse," and after the miscellaneous murders at the end it leaves him saying

I think Mr. HITCHCOCK might have enjoyed himself with *Jones* (Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE) and *Ricardo* (JEROME COWAN). Shaky about the cockney accent, like all Americans, Mr. COWAN nevertheless gives us an impressively disconcerting character, and I was glad to see him getting the opportunity for once. *Heyst* is FREDRIC MARCH, and *Alma* (who plays the piano, not the violin—perhaps because *Mrs. Zangiaco*, here called *Mme. Makanoff*, has been given a harp)—gentle and precise, to indicate Englishness—is BETTY FIELD. Quite unsatisfactory as a version of CONRAD, the picture is still interesting, exciting and appealing to the eye.

The familiar rattle of uneasy coughs from the audience at the Warner signalizes the arrival, in *No Time for Comedy* (Director: WILLIAM KEIGHLEY), of intermittent lines of dialogue that demand a little more concentration than the good old sock-on-the-jaw scene (and that's there too, never fear). These disconcerting remarks that do more than merely advance the action or make a readily detachable joke often turn up in a film adapted from a play, and the impatient filmgoer will seldom exert himself to listen to them.

For the part of the sophisticated smart-comedy playwright who habitually drinks too much "between ideas," JAMES STEWART was perhaps an odd choice; but in the film we see much more of him at first, when he is still a simple diffident young man up from the country who stays at the Y.M.C.A.—the kind of part he was always given until a year or two ago. No one does it better. The process of transformation, nourished by the easy success of three more smart comedies after he has married his leading lady (ROSALIND RUSSELL) on the success of his first, is not shown. That is one weakness of the film, and another is the ending, which is designed to be moving, but provokes about half the audience to believe at first that they are meant to laugh. But the piece is amusing and well played; I enjoyed it. R. M.



[No Time for Comedy]

### A DRAMATIST AND HIS MUSE

<i>Gaylord Easterbrook</i> . . . . .	JAMES STEWART
<i>Amanda Swift</i> . . . . .	GENEVIEVE TOBIN

to *Alma*, "Loneliness is over. We shall never be lonely again. We have won our victory." This, it is safe to say, whatever it means, is not what CONRAD meant.



## Put It On and Like It.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am writibg this ib my gas-mask just to show there is bo difficulty anout it abd to improve my morale. It's quite all right except that for some reasob I squibt wheb lookibg at the letters ib the middle of the nottom row of my typewriter, so that wheb I thibk I am qritibg I meab writibg (that q wasb't the gas-mask; it was just dambd carelessbess) wheb I thibk I am writibg b—bo, I meab b, oh curse it I meab the fourteebth letter ib the alphanet, what actually comes out is the secobd letter, the obe that soubds like a small hobey-produceibg ibsect, abd vice versa. What I shall have to do is to aim delin—deliberately at the wrobg, try agaib, wrong letter and then everything will be all right.

Well, Mr. Punch, I have had the thing on for twelve and a half minutes now and I still feel perfectly fit and happy. I admit I could do without that hissing noise every time I breathe out, abd (there it is again) the way my hair sticks up through the straps makes me look a bit silly, but then one can't afford to worry about one's looks in a gas-attack, can one? As for the hissing, I shall get used to that. I once lived in a room with a cistern in it and soon got used to it. The first three months were the worst. After that I hardly noticed it at all, except when people kept adding a little more hot water to their baths. Besides hissing isn't so bad if one is doing it oneself I always think.

There is a little steam on the outside edge of my right-hand window, but I don't mind that. If it gets any worse I shan't be able to see the  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\%$  keys, that's all. Nobody can pretend that that's going seriously to affect our war effort. It would be different if the whole window clouded up; I should still be able to write "Screech" or "£5" or "Dearer Bread," but "Poltroon" and "Hitler" and "Dago" would be beyond my reach. I mustn't cough, that's the point. Coughing is terrible; almost as bad as laughing, which produces an instantaneous black-out. I know all about anti-dim, which is pretty efficient, but it won't stand up to a good hearty laugh.

People should practise not laughing in their gas-masks.

I have now been in my private aquarium for twenty-seven minutes. I like it. I have had a look at myself in the glass once or twice and I find I have rather fine eyes. Cut off from the rest of my face, each in its own little glass compartment, like bulls'-eyes in a bottle, they can be viewed for once



Ordering dinner at the Palatial used to be quite a ritual:



Nowadays it is even more so.

as individuals, not merely as parts of a whole. I like the left one best. It has a friendly roll-out-the-barrel look. The other one is the tiniest bit bleary. Of course you've got to remember I'm looking at it through a layer of steam; in fact you might say two layers of steam, because I'm looking through steam at a reflection which has been reflected through steam. And the steam itself is reflected, when you come to think of it. Three layers. And even so I rather like it.

Do you know, I hate to sound vain but this gas-mask positively *suits* me. I shall take it off.

H. F. E.

## Exercises

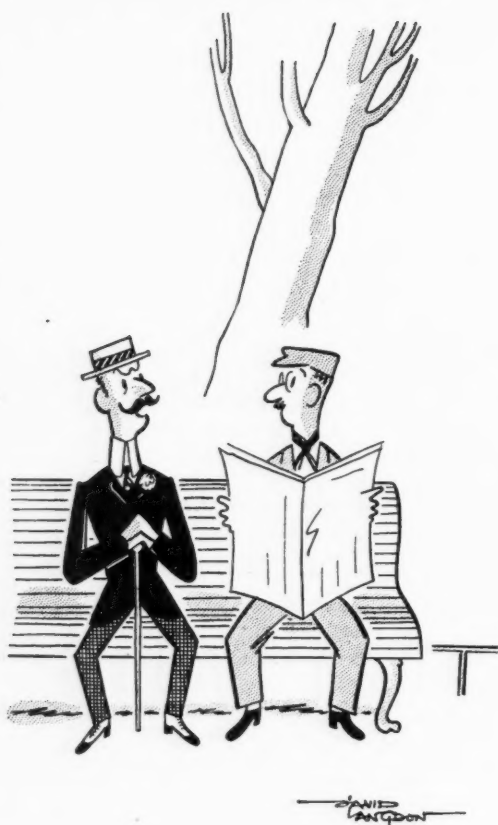
I WISH those tanks  
Could fire their guns:  
I wish our blanks  
Were proper ones:  
I wish those banks  
Hid pukka Huns.

o o

"Germany has produced a book of phonetic phrases for soldiers whom she likes to think will one day invade Britain."

Daily Paper.

Grammar comes later of course.



"I see they've brought down a Zeppelin at Cuffley."

## Art

**I** THINK I should explain that by Art I don't mean *Art* generally, not even when you separate it from writing and music and ballet-dancing and so on, because that leaves sculpture, and pictures in frames, and the curly bits at the sides of mantel-pieces: things people have no control over. What I want to tell you about is the part which things like drawings and painting play in our everyday life.

It is fairly well known that Art comes into people's lives very early on, when they first take hold of a pencil as near the point as possible and draw a kind of worn-out spring. Most psychologists think this is frightfully significant of something, but there is a very small school of thought which thinks it is only significant of being the quickest way of wearing out pencil-lead. The next stage is very important; it is the moment when people first draw a circle on top of another circle, and fill the top circle with dots and lines, and put a row of buttons down the bottom circle and four sticks round it, and say they have drawn someone they know. What is important about this is that people give up drawing worn-out springs and even cats sitting down, but they never, all through their lives, give up drawing two circles and a lot of lines and dots.

About now comes the next stage: winding different bits of wool round two circles of cardboard through a hole in the middle. People find that if they go on for a certain time after the hole gets too small to push the needle through easily, someone else will take over and they will end up with a speckled woolly ball; and this is very significant, because it signifies human nature's willingness to persevere longer than it wants to if it has a reasonable chance of the result being better than it ought to be.

The next stage is painting; that is, being given a drawing of the outside of a train and trying to get the paint *inside* it. (Of course this may be the stage before the woolly ball, as it depends not so much on people's artistic development as on when they have birthdays.) It is at this stage that people find that blue and yellow make green, because there is a law about paint-boxes that you have to mix the green for yourself, and many people first come up against the principle that what you put into life you get back when they first try to scrub enough yellow off the yellow to make any difference to the blue they have scrubbed off the blue.

But it is not till people start having drawing lessons that they run their heads into a principle which changes all their ideas about drawing and about life. *They are not supposed to rule the lines.* They have to get them straight just by trying to get them straight. Even a couple of drawing-lessons will so embed this principle in people's minds that for the rest of their lives you will find them trying to draw straight lines on blotting-paper. About the only other principle which people carry away from drawing-lessons is the one about boxes. If you draw the back bit of a box narrower than the front bit, and shade one or two of the sides, it looks almost exactly like a real box, or anyway like a drawing of a box. (Sometimes, as long as they understand they are only doing it to make the lines slope the right way, they are even allowed to rule the lines.) It is doubtful if people will ever stop drawing boxes on blotting-paper, because nothing else looks so like what it is meant to be, though a front view of a daisy runs it close.

It can be seen that most people don't get an awful lot from however many years their drawing-lessons go on for; though, to be fair to the drawing-lessons, they go on for no longer than the people can help. People are turned out into the world knowing how to draw a box, and sometimes even two or three boxes piled not quite straight; *but no one has ever told them which way the horns go on a cow.* Sometimes in a train you will see people drawing on the Stop Press bit of a newspaper and looking worried; this is because they have roughed in the rest of the cow and are relying on the horns to make it right, and they have no idea whether the horns go straight forward but bending back, like a hat-stand, or out sideways and bending in (which they couldn't draw anyway, as the whole cow is sideways), or straight up in the air and not bending at all, which they know would be wrong. All that these people can do is wait till the train gets to a cow, have a good look and then find, as soon as they are past the cow, that they still don't know.

In different forms this handicap holds people back all through their lives. They may be writing to someone and want to give them some idea of the house they are staying in. They write, "I am staying in a house like this—" and then they draft out the house on the inside front cover of the pad, and find they have drawn not the house they are staying in but the house people always draw when they draw a house. So they hurry outdoors to look at the house and count the windows, and hurry back to find that all they can do now is to draw another house like the house people draw, though with the right number of windows. Either they can bluff it out by drawing that sort of house in the

## Portraits

AN AUTHOR

HE always wrote in crayons because pencils were not sympathetic enough; The paper shortage would have hit him particularly hard, for he could never bear to put more than three words on the same sheet—"Words are not gregarious," he would say. Little of his work survives.

A NAVIGATOR

When the Chief Officer said to him politely: "Would it not be better, Sir, to lay your course outside the Islands, rather than through the Minch, in this fog?" He replied, like the bluff old sea-dog he was, "Fog be blowed!" So far as is known, these were his last words.

A CLERK TO THE JUSTICES

He never made bad jokes, or tried to confuse the prisoner; And once, when the Bench were vying one with another who could ask the most inane question, He drew from his pocket a superannuated tomato, and with this missile Terminated the Chairman's remarks. His successor was well-meaning but less adroit.

A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

"My profession," he used to say, "is held in less esteem than is its due. People think that all we have to do is add and subtract, but that is not the case. I can do long division, and my partner Once found a square root."



"I'm from the Ministry of Food."

letter and putting a row of daisies in front to show they weren't trying; or they can cross out the last sentence. Either way they feel a kind of frustration. Most people, fighting against this frustration, work up a stock drawing in secret and draw it whenever they get the chance and are with a bunch of people who haven't seen it yet; but as there are only five subjects (the boxes and the daisy don't count) which people who can't draw can draw, it deceives no one. These subjects are of course a train, a bus, a car, an aeroplane and the back of an elephant.

As for painting, few people paint after they have given up their drawing-lessons, which included a certain amount of painting, but with no outside to paint inside, which people rarely take to. Also, they have been taught that mixing colours with Chinese white to make them paler is not much better than ruling lines. Little things like this are apt to break people's spirit; and moreover, when they next want to paint they find they have no paint-box. So after a certain age most people have to rely on borrowing paint-boxes from people who have only just got them and showing off about keeping the paint inside the line and not mixing red with the blue and yellow. Some people, it is true, carry on alone by stencilling little slices of melon on linen mats; but I think these people are fewer than they were.

Finally I shall say something, but not much, about those people who paint or draw on an easel or a drawing-board. People who draw or paint on anything tipped-up instead of flat are suspected by all the other people. I don't know what they are suspected of exactly, but you have only to think of the crowd which, as everyone knows, collects round those people who sit in the middle of the pavement with an easel to know that such people are suspected, horribly—even if they are only suspected of wanting to collect a crowd round them.





*"... and our cabbage-patch is a blaze of green."*

### *Majesty*

NOT by the distant light of lonely splendour,  
Of castled greatness, far above the flood,  
Nor crowned aloofness of a faith's defender,  
Do sovereign hearts give proof of island blood,

But in the dim and unpretentious places,  
Where life crowds thick for death to take full toll,  
And nameless thousands toil with hidden faces,  
Men come to know true majesty of soul.

Not in thronged halls, where ministers are meeting,  
And hearts hold seldom what weighed speech pretends,  
Nor in parades of public smile and greeting  
Are heard the voices of the people's friends,

But in the shallow caves which loathe each morrow,  
Where children shelter till the lagging day,  
And black night's ruin marks the street named Sorrow,  
To tell mankind a Prussian passed that way . . .

And out beyond, where homeless life is waking  
In croft and manor that are memory's bones,  
Fall quiet words that save bruised hearts from breaking  
And find a Tudor echo in the stones.

They set their feet among the hurt and humble,  
Less heedful of the great, the hale and whole,  
Than of the weak, the wanderers prone to stumble . . .  
By this men measure majesty of soul.





**BANK HOLIDAY OUTING**

"My dear Economica, you look positively radiant!"

## Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

NO less than half a mile of Winceyette was dispatched by Mr. Punch's Comforts Fund to a town attacked recently by the enemy, and soon willing hands were making it into night-wear and shirts. In a short while women and children whose homes and everything they possessed had disappeared in a single night-raid were snuggling down to bed in warm new things.

Every day this work goes on, thanks to the kind readers of PUNCH, but it obviously cannot continue without increased funds. Apart from civilian necessities there remains a constant demand on behalf of all the Services—especially amongst the men whose duty lies in exposed situations—for Balaclava helmets, gloves, mittens, woollen waistcoats, and the like. If you have helped us with contributions already will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Monday, April 7th.**—House of Commons: The Chancellor of the Exchequer Tells us the Worst—or Thereabouts; Budget Day.

*Monday, April 7th.*—With trails of noughts and £s winding here, there, and everywhere, and with Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, engaged in the most complicated and intricate tricks with figures and calculations and estimates, it was perhaps inevitable that your scribe should think himself in a rather crazier Wonderland.

From which it naturally followed that Sir KINGSLEY took the rôle of *Tweedledee*, giving a spirited—and commendably audible—rendering of a modern (and considerably less amusing) version of "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

Certainly, in difficult circumstances, Sir KINGSLEY

*Did his very best to make*

*The billows smooth and bright,*

but without conspicuous success. The billows just would *not* lie down or show anything but an ominous leaden hue.

For it was a grim tale he had to tell, of the ever-mounting cost of the war we must and shall win, and of the ceaseless, unremitting, merciless war we must all wage on ourselves and our natural desires for an easy smooth time, until triumph comes in that other field of battle.

The Chancellor did it all in a smooth, gentle manner that would not have done hurt to smooth, gentle *Tweedledee*.

If they found the Budget unpleasant, said he, HITLER and his friend MUSSOLINI were to blame. Surveying the somewhat arid desert of taxation that spread before us, he

*Wept like anything to see*

*Such quantities of sand,*

but it did not prevent his adding considerably to its aridity. Up, in one swoop, went income tax, from 8s. 6d. in the £ to 10s. But even this would not produce enough, by many thousands of millions, to pay for what he called the most expensive war in history. Seven maids with seven mops—or even the numerically vastly superior number of British taxpayers—could not get the bill clear. We should have to borrow heavily too, and rely on the generosity of the United States, giving full effect to

the Lease-and-Lend Bill, to ensure that we got all that was necessary from across the Atlantic.

The Chancellor clearly implied that with that aid there would be no need for us to emulate the Carpenter and shed a bitter tear.

Soothingly Sir KINGSLEY went through the astonishing catalogue of the pearls the taxpaying Oyster had already yielded. Income tax had given the Treasury £524,000,000, or £13,000,000 (lucky number) more than expected. Beer, tobacco, National Defence Contribution, Excess Profits Tax—all had given many more millions than the estimates.

And in the midst of this orgy of compulsory pocket-searching there had been free gifts to the Treasury amounting to—that lucky "unlucky" number again!—£13,000,000. What a nation! No wonder the drilled and dragooned hordes across the North Sea cannot understand us—look on us as a vast and puzzling mark of interrogation.

We were pursuing a definite policy of keeping down to the lowest possible level all rates of interest on borrowed money. This was for our immediate benefit, saving service costs for the loans, but also to ensure that the building of the better Britain after the war is not hindered or hampered by too-dear money. That "ugly paradox" of the last war, in which many grew rich on the death or injury of others, is to find no place in the history of this war.

And, even if we paid till it hurt, we must avoid the "vicious spiral" of inflation, an enemy far more formidable than any dictator.

The Britisher had a genius for co-operating with the tax-collector, said Sir KINGSLEY, and the House smiled wanly, appreciating the co-operation between the cat and the canary. Lady ASTOR smiled in anticipation when he described beer and tobacco as the "Twin pillars of the Budget"—and the smile faded abruptly when it became plain that he was not going to add to the taxes on those commodities.

There was a £2,475,000 deficit on the last year's working, in spite of an increase in the yield from taxation that equalled the total produce of taxation for 1918.

*"The time has come," the Chancellor said,*

*"To talk of many things."*

Many things. We should be living at the rate of £5,000,000,000 a year, said Sir KINGSLEY airily but, while the assembled Members (or should it be Oysters?) metaphorically turned up their coat-collars and blew on their numbed hands, he hastily added that a good deal of the sum would be covered by the United States' generous Lease-and-Lend plan.

*"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried, "Before we have our chat."*

*For some of us are out of breath . . ."*

The Chancellor tempered the wind a little to the shelled Oysters and promised that good value should be got for every penny spent.

*"Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,"*

Sir KINGSLEY (almost) went on,

*"We can begin our feed!"*

He wanted £605,000,000 from income tax in the coming year, or £81,000,000 more than last year. Surtax should give £80,000,000, Estate duties £82,000,000.

Like the Oysters, Members turned a little blue. Then the Chancellor, true to character, proceeded (but without any very obvious sobs or tears) to sort out Those of the Largest Size. They would pay 10s. in the £ income tax, instead of the trifling 8s. 6d. that had been paid hitherto.

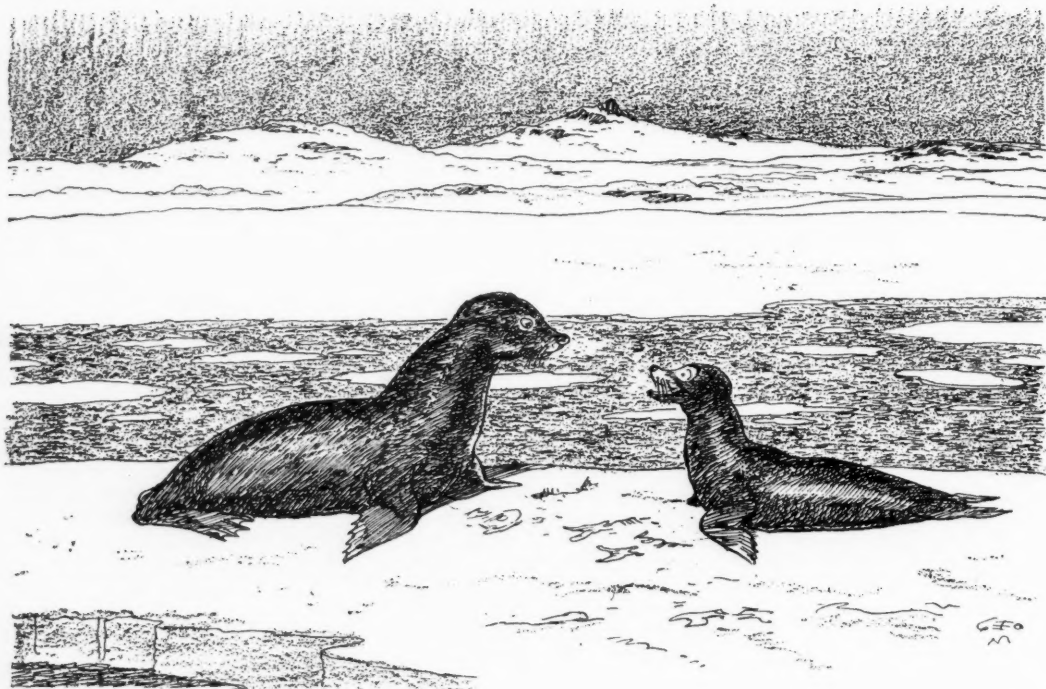
Those of the Largest Size gasped; Those of Smaller Size smiled a little nervously. They stood and waited in a row, filled with the pepper of anxiety and the vinegar of hope in equal parts. The Chancellor left them in suspense.

Excess Profits Tax at 100 per cent. had been thought too high. Perhaps it was, but it would have to remain there except that 20 per cent. of it would be regarded as a fund which would be handed out again, at the end of the war, to help in the great rebuilding that was then to take place. It seemed a shame to play the Industrial Oysters such a trick, after he had made them trot so quick, but as it was plain that nothing more was to be expected, there was a thin cheer from the victims for so small a mercy. Even this diminutive clemency was trimmed down when the Chancellor added that what was drawn from the fund would count as an asset, and be liable to income tax.

At this, the assembled Oysters showed the first gasping signs of having suffered enough. But they only laughed a little sourly, and let it pass.

When all that could be expected was got from the taxpayer, the Chancellor





"My Uncle Fred is touring Army camps with ENSA."

went on, there was still a "potentially dangerous" gap of £500,000,000 between income and expenditure. The Treasury was already spending £100,000,000 a year on keeping down the cost of living. Most of this went on food, but the idea was to be extended to travel, gas, electricity, and other things that controlled the cost of living. This ought to keep wages where they are and arrest the danger of that greatly feared vicious spiral.

With the aid of Lord KINDERSLEY and his helpers of the National Savings Movement we should get still more from savings, and with the aid of the Food Minister and the President of the Board of Trade we should be able to overcome the urge to spend on non-essentials. Let us produce, say, another £200,000,000 to £300,000,000 a year from savings.

The Oysters in general looked too stunned to mind a little thing like that, so Sir KINGSLEY faced Those of the Smallest Size, who turned more than a little blue.

Two million of the Smallest Size are to pay income tax for the first time. But it will be on a sort of lease-and-lend basis, for much of the money paid in will be given back, through the Post

Office Savings Bank, when the war ends. Earned income allowances and personal allowances are to be cut, the former from one-sixth to one-tenth of the income, and the latter by sums up to £30.

Noting the shudders, the Chancellor mentioned that, to get a tax-free income of £5,000 a year, one of the Largest Size would have to have an income of £66,000 a year.

The changes in income tax would give £250,000,000, but the increases should not be allowed to affect savings—a version of the Carpenter's "cut us another slice!" which gave the House grim amusement.

Sir "Tweedledee" Wood gathered up his papers, delivered a little peroration about Britain's determination to do all for victory, and posed the question:

*"Shall we be trotting home again?"*

*But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
He'd eaten every one.*

And that was the way the House heard our fate, and how we must all, rich and poor, go on munitions—even if it is only providing the golden bullets.

## Cads All

I'VE been reading another of those little books which are doing so much to keep the wolf from the bookseller's door nowadays—another little book on invasion-quashing. So many people, by the way, seem to know enough about this subject to write a book on it that it seems to me they should be collected into batches and posted at vulnerable points round the coast. It would save everybody else a lot of trouble and anxiety, knowing the thing was in the hands of specialists.

This one strikes a more intimate note than most; it steers quite clear of dive-bombing, flame-throwing, troop-landing and kindred dodges; it comes to grips with the man-to-man stuff, bristling with hints for unarmed civilians who happen across isolated invaders lurking in their coal-sheds, or skulking behind the village pump. It is an unscrupulous little book, guaranteed to bring out the worst in anybody.

For the main thing to remember, as far as I can see, is to behave like an out-and-out cad; and the first step towards this is the ruthless suppression



of all sporting instincts. If, for example, your man is looking the other way when you happen across him, then that's the time to welt him over the head. There is no preliminary handshake, no formal introduction by the referee. There aren't any fouls, either. Tripping, hitting below the belt, handling the ball, shooting at sitting birds (or, still better, lying ones)—all these are allowed in the rules, and the sooner we get that into our heads the better.

A hint or two, just to illustrate.

If you're confronted by an armed man, the first thing to do is to disarm him. That goes without saying, and it's a perfectly simple matter. All you do is to stare over his shoulder and exclaim with affected delight and surprise, "Why, hello, Arthur!" Your *vis-à-vis* (you've seen it scores of times on the films; it never fails)—your *vis-à-vis* will at once swing round so as to become the imaginary Arthur's *vis-à-vis*. Then you take his gun away, just like that.\* And then what do you do? Well, it's Goering's medals to an oven door that you do the wrong thing, viz., assume the whole thing to be over and done with. As a sporting Englishman you'll feel an impulse to shake hands, offer cigarettes or start a friendly conversation about what sort of a crossing the chap's had. This is not the right way to treat disarmed men. The chances are that your handshake will in a twinkling be transformed into a half-Raeder, and before you can say knife, or even look it up in your phrase-book, you'll have the article in question slipped under your ribs. And you know from the films how painful *that* can be.

No, the proper thing to do when you've taken a gun off an invader is to shoot him with it. Shocked? Better be shocked than sorry. Besides, suppose you decide to march the fellow off to the police-station—what's going to happen? You won't have marched more than a hundred yards behind him before you begin to think what an absolute rotter you're being. "How should I like it?" you'll ask yourself—"being chivvied about by a man with a gun; miles from home, weary, languid, sore distressed, and without a stitch but what I stood up in; dying for a drink, a smoke and a square meal; nothing ahead of me but ignominy and barbed-wire enclosures, my whole world crumbling about me. Why," you'll think, "this poor fellow was only doing what he conceived to be his duty. It's unthinkable that I

should bear malice against the little blighter; it's quite possible he may have a mother." And at this you'll suddenly call him and offer him a ham sandwich. He'll denote his appreciation by accepting it, plastering it all over your face with a quick upward movement, at the same time disarming you and slipping a hand-grenade down the opening of your waistcoat and running off to shoot the first oldest inhabitant he comes across, laughing gutturally. (The invader will be laughing gutturally, of course: oldest inhabitants, as everyone knows, laugh toothlessly.

But the point is that you, you sap, won't be laughing at all.)

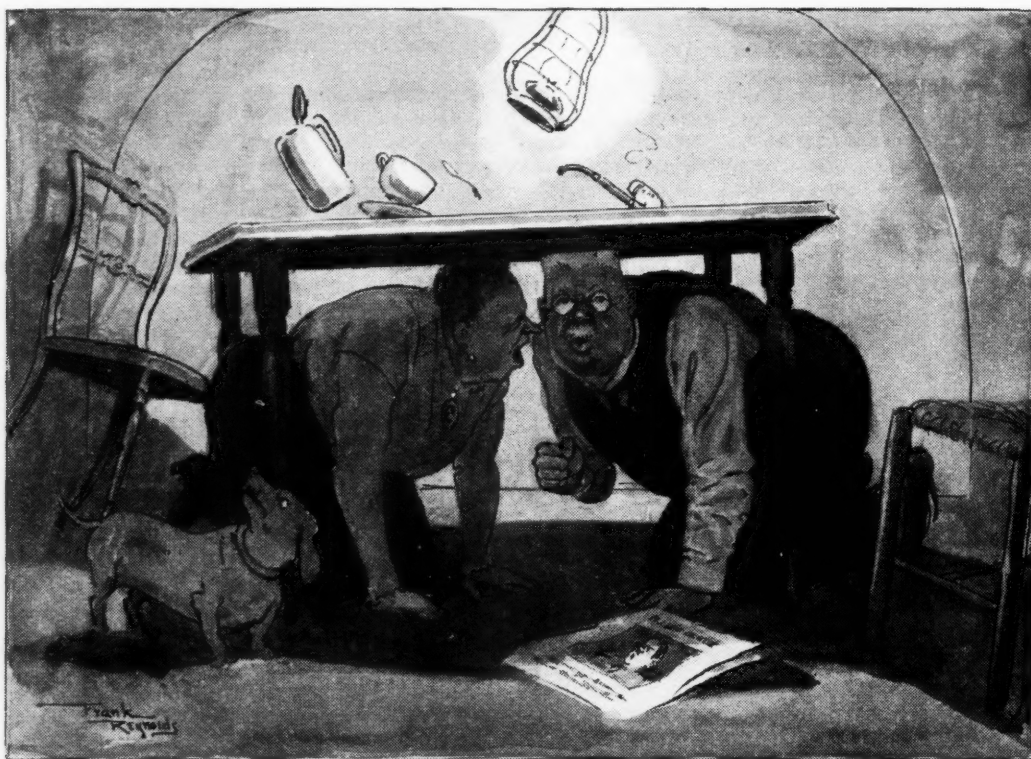
So I hope I've made it clear to you, as my little book did to me, that this is a cad's war. If it were in any sense a civil war it would naturally be waged in the tradition of the playing fields of Eton. But it isn't, and the sporting spirit, for the time being, is out. Old school ties are out too; so are straight bats. In fact there's nothing straight about it. It isn't cricket, remember. It isn't even war. It's only one or two degrees short of all-in wrestling.



"It's a pain as if a collar-stud was pressing on the back of my neck, Sir."

"And is it?"

\*Of course he may pull the trigger before bothering to make Arthur's acquaintance; it's a chance you have to take.



*"I tell you Britain on her knees already is."*

## Hints for Pupil Pilots

### Navigation

**N**AVIGATION is of course a very important subject to any airman, because he is apt to feel rather foolish if he gets into the air and then suddenly realizes that he doesn't know where he is going and can't get there anyway. The art of getting there and of knowing why and how you are getting there is called Navigation. We have decided not to deal with this subject by means of Questions and Answers, as the Central Examination Board have particularly asked us not to. It seems we were stealing their thunder.

Instead we shall take some of the chief sections into which this art divides itself and render them so crystal clear that even a Squadron-Leader of Accounts could see how to navigate himself where so many hard-up junior officers would wish him to be.

One of the most vital paraphernalia connected with navigation is Maps and Charts. For the moment we will say nothing about charts as, for the moment, we know nothing about them. Maps, on the other hand, are to us just an open book which the wind occasionally blows shut again.

The first thing to know about a map is its *projection*. Any classical scholar or cinematograph operator will tell you that projection means a throwing forward. So a map-projection is a means of throwing part of the earth forward so that it falls on a piece of paper and can be called a map. The best-known map-projection was invented by that eminent enemy alien, Cassini, who is nothing to do with the club where we sometimes used to dance.

The next thing about maps is *scale*. It is obvious that the size of things like

towns and coast-lines has to be toned down quite a bit before they can conveniently be folded up and fitted into a flying-boot. So they are squeezed in until they are much smaller, and how smaller is always written on the map, as 1:253440 or 1:500,000, etc. This is called the representative fraction and should be distinguished sharply from Mr. William Gallacher. The only other thing you have to know about maps is that every self-respecting member of the family has north somewhere near the top and that the place you want to find when you are lost is always just off the edge.

From maps we pass easily to Map-Reading, the importance of which cannot be over-emphasized to the Pupil Pilot. Maps, one finds, are usually quite easy to read on the ground if you hold them the right way

up and start on the one-syllable words first, but they present much greater difficulty to a pilot who needs both hands to control his aircraft and is lost anyway. Here it may be stated positively that it is no use trying to hold the thing with your teeth, as few people with that kind of eyesight are accepted for service with the R.A.F.

The time when you like map-reading best is when you find a railway which leads to your destination and you follow it along all its peregrinations. Then when people ask you how you found your way in such ghastly weather you reply nonchalantly, "Oh, just map-read my way, you know." But this is really cheating, as you are supposed to go straight, and the man who made the map intended you to pick up all sorts of features like churches with spires, dried-up brooks and woods which have since been cut about into quite different shapes from those portrayed. It is also as well to be able to sort out places like artillery ranges, balloon-barrage sites and the house whose owner writes to your Commanding Officer if you fly over it at any height less than five thousand feet.

We now come to *bearings*. A bearing may be called the angle between where you are and where you want to go. For some reason which we have not yet fathomed there are two kinds of north—true and magnetic, so it follows that there are two kinds of bearings. A bearing on a blonde is naturally always magnetic. Anyway, having measured your bearing you plot it on the map and it becomes your *track*. Here it must be remembered that whereas your track is where your aeroplane actually goes, the direction in which you point its nose in order to get there is called your *course*. The idea is that if there is a strong wind on your beam your aeroplane will not travel straight but like a crab. Lecturers use little analogies about rowing across a swift river in order to explain this, but you need only get hold of the magic formula that the wind blows you from your course onto your track. Thus it might be said that a Nazi pilot set course for England but half-way over the Channel began to make tracks for home. The wind in this example would probably be a Hurricane.

We feel we cannot end these notes without giving you a few definitions, as examiners always fall back on these when they can't think of any more questions to ask. Here are a few worth remembering.

**Dead Reckoning.** This means working out where you have got to by calculating the direction you have been

going in and how fast. It is disconcerting when your D.R. tells you you are somewhere near Leicester and you come through cloud and find nothing but sea all round you.

**Compass Error.** Strictly speaking, this is a complicated business about variation and deviation. To Pupil Pilots, however, it represents a useful excuse for being two hours overdue on a cross-country.

**Great Circle Bearing.** To get to the bottom of this it is necessary to cut a globe as if it were a cheese. But the thought of so much cheese makes us feel faint, so we will go out and see what the grocer has brought.

## New Music

**I**N spite of the war (or perhaps even because of it) the London concert season which is just ending has been a successful one. In addition to well-known works, several new to London audiences have been given, including a Suite for Orchestra by WILLIAM WALTON, a Symphony by the American composer RANDALL THOMPSON (which, though one should not look a leased-or-lent horse in the mouth, we found rather dull), and a violin concerto by BENJAMIN BRITTEN, which was played at a recent Beecham Sunday Concert.

First-class concertos for stringed instruments are all too few, but our hopes were raised by the knowledge of Mr. BRITTEN's past achievements. However, after sitting through a dreary performance of MENDELSSOHN'S *Hebrides* Overture (in which the

orchestra seemed to be discoursing of prosaic nautical matters like coaling and barnacles rather than of "perilous seas and faery lands forlorn") we found that they were unhappily not to be realized.

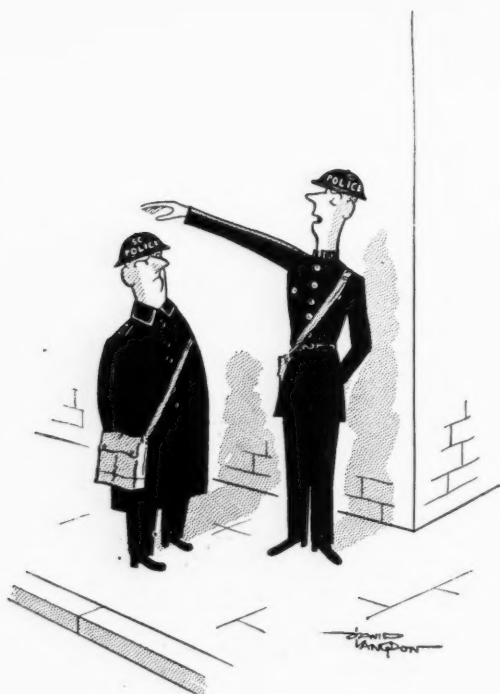
The new concerto is in three movements, played without a break, and is rather self-consciously "modern" and teems with all kinds of instrumental devices. We listened to sounds resembling distant gun-fire, a tweeting-match between the solo violin and the piccolo, a booby-trap (which made at least one member of the audience jump) of a crash of cymbals in the middle of the cadenza, passages of violin harmonics so high as to be almost inaudible (like dog-whistles), and an unrehearsed effect in the last movement—a reiterated low D—which greatly puzzled your listener until she found it proceeded, not from the serried ranks of 'cellos and basses, or from the bassoons, but from the occupant of the next seat, who was snoring rhythmically and in perfect tune. This is not in any way a reflection upon Mr. BRITTEN's concerto, which is anything but dull; one is kept on tenterhooks the whole time, but though the work is well constructed and skilfully orchestrated the extreme ingenuity of the composer defeats its own purpose, and all the ado seems to be about nothing in particular.

The solo part, which is of great difficulty of a rather unrewarding kind, was ably played by Mr. THOMAS MATTHEWS, and Mr. BASIL CAMERON conducted. The rest of the programme consisted of BERLIOZ' *Carnaval Romain* Overture and the *Eroica* Symphony.



"... and this is the library."





"I've always wanted to be a policeman ever since I was so high."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Durham Treasure-Trove

THERE is one fashion of hoarding that cannot be sufficiently commended—the retrieval and cherishing of every vestige of traditional and personal English life before it is communized out of existence. Because she perceives this poignantly and sincerely and has devoted both sensibility and industry to her task, Dame UNA POPE-HENNESSY has rendered *Durham Company* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6)—as she meant to do—a delightful tribute to "the old fragile contemplative life." "Contemplative" is the word: for although Dame UNA's worthies range from WORDSWORTH at Sockburn to SURTEES of *Jorrock's* fame, each had leisure to survey a countryside not yet "denatured" and either to produce his own interpretation of life or to facilitate the interpretations of others. From the Seaham House of BYRON's unlucky wedding to the cave on the Greta where SCOTT meditated *Rokeby*, Dame UNA has re-evoked the spirit of place that means so much, for good or ill, to poets. Her rarest portrait is that of ROBERT SURTEES the antiquarian; but all her North-country material is racy, and one could well have forgone (say) WORDSWORTH's continental vagaries for the sake of a further description of such forgotten spas as Shotley Bridge.

#### Should Cowboys Have Consciences?

*The Ox-bow Incident* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is a Western with a strongly ethical background. It has been much praised,

and rather over-praised; certainly over-praised on its cover by Mr. JOHN STEINBECK, who himself brings to mud and blood, and booze and tears, a humanity further reaching than that of Mr. WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK. If you like Westerns then here without doubt is your book, good stirring drama with an intellectual interest thrown in. The more acid test is whether you will still find Mr. CLARK gripping if you happen to dislike Westerns. Perhaps simply because he has fallen into the spineless habit of ringing up the police whenever his cook has her throat cut, this reviewer found his attention wandering more than once from this story of a lynching which misfired; but habit is not a sound canon of criticism. What is important about this book is not the long and gruelling hunt, at the end of which the wrong men swing, but the contrasted states of mind of the hunters. It is as an experiment in mob reaction that it can fairly be said to be something out of the ordinary.

#### Spooks

CHRISTINA HOLE tells ghost stories in a manner of simple and direct assurance that is delightfully unconvincing. She makes no bones about "explaining" an apparition for whose origin there is no adequate historical record by supposing it to be that of some unknown suicide or perhaps some chance river spirit, and she remarks without turning a hair that the occupants of a certain house are so well accustomed to the annual appearance of a coach and four and lady passenger—horses and humans all without their heads—that they take practically no notice of its arrival. Her *Haunted England* (BATSFORD, 10/6) tells, with abhorrent illustrations, of ghosts that are gentle and ghosts that are terrifying, ghosts that gibber for vengeance and ghosts that drop in at a parish tea, ghosts that are really fairies and at least one ghost that overlooked the difference between English and Canadian time. Astonishingly many of them, greatly to the derangement of any apparently simple time-transference theories, stop short at the neck. Their one quality in common is that they have all some place in English local tradition. Despite her innocent appearance



"Surely you can trust your own mother. I can't post your birthday-cake to 'Astonville Scouts' Camp, Somewhere in England.'"





"YOU ADVERTISED AS CHAUFFEURETTE-MAID."

"YES, MADAM."

"WHAT WERE YOUR DUTIES AT YOUR LAST PLACE?"

"I DROVE AND CLEANED THE CARS SINGLE-HANDED."

"AND AS MAID?"

"I TOOK DOWN MY LADY AT NIGHT AND ASSEMBLED HER IN THE MORNING, MADAM."

George Belcher, April 19th, 1916

of acceptance, that is probably their main interest for a writer really much more concerned about folk-lore than about spirits.

#### A Coroner Remembers.

There are many people, as Mr. S. INGLEBY ODDIE notes in *Inquest* (HUTCHINSON, 16/-), who regard a coroner as a ghoulish sort of person concerned with corpses and enjoying opportunities of inspection neither open to nor desired by ordinary persons. If in looking back over nearly half a century he could recall nothing more than such duties of juries, the police, doctors and pathologists, his volume of reminiscences might well be rather dull and monotonous. It certainly is not that, for the coroner's rôle in relation to dead persons is to discover how and why they came to be

in that state. Mr. ODDIE from his early days as a naval surgeon and a barrister to his later ones as H.M. Coroner for Central London, having taken a very keen (academic) interest in murders and murderers, has some highly entertaining things to tell about their inner secrets. He tells the stories of many of the great tragedies of the past fifty years, including some of which the facts are fairly familiar and others which somehow failed to figure largely in the popular Press. Two or three of his narratives seem so charged with improbability that they would stand no chance as fiction. Others would provide the framework for excellent thrillers. Mr. ODDIE possesses the knack of giving a clear account of even the most complicated set of circumstances. He has also much that is readable to say on the value of coroner's courts and on the best methods of their conduct.



"That's what comes of 'aving photos of me prize fowls published in 'The Wickham and Diddlebury Gazette.'"

### Relatively Speaking

**F**AMILY life, it has been said,\* is the cement which binds together the national structure, and if the metaphor could be pursued and enlarged upon it would gainfully occupy many lines of this page; unfortunately it cannot, and I must forsake the camouflage of allegory for the No Man's Land of unembellished fact.

At a time when families seem to be larger than ever before—an illusion due to their gathering together companionably under one roof instead of scattering themselves extravagantly under many—an examination of the behaviour and treatment of relatives may justly claim a little of our time; for the family in 1941 consists not only of those close relatives who dandle one another on their knees and face each other regularly across the breakfast table, but of additional relatives who, once distant (or even twice removed), have suddenly been brought near.

\* Though not previously, to my knowledge.

I have been reading about relatives and their management in a book by a learned Professor. He appears to be a hard-headed and clear-sighted man, and takes a firm stand, in the interests of the continued tranquillity of family life, on the subject of these distant and usually incompatible relatives. "For such offenders," he says (p. 94), "which cannot be co-ordinate and will not be subordinate, 'insubordination' is not too harsh a term . . . Insubordination . . . is always due either to negligence or to gross ignorance."

Nobody, I think, will quarrel with that. Negligent or grossly ignorant relatives, as all will agree who are at present entertaining either, should not only be termed "insubordinate" but should incur the penalty of insubordination.

A case in point is that of my wife's Uncle Eric.

He has enjoyed the shelter of our house, and occasionally the house itself, for the best part of six months,

and has never raised a finger for any other purpose than to indicate which vegetable he prefers. When my wife suggested to him last week that he should assist us by repairing the carpet-sweeper he replied with a brief quotation from George Bernard Shaw which I shall not repeat here.

This was undoubtedly insubordination, and justly resulted in his being placed on commons of low-grade margarine until he decided to apologize. If he does not, then we shall have to drop him, even though (as my Professor says, p. 92) "Few writers like, as a general rule . . . to drop their relatives . . ." It seems that I am one of those few writers. I should like to drop my wife's Uncle Eric from some rocky eminence, in spite of what the Professor says; and when he goes on to say (p. 110) that there are "... instances in which the reader may or may not agree that the relative might have been retained with advantage . . ." then, as a reader this time, I must say

that I do *not* agree. I can conceive no instance in which my wife's Uncle Eric could be retained with any advantage whatsoever.

But for the most part the Professor and I display a uniformity of views scarcely to be bettered by an Allied War Council. Take his remarks under the heading "Miscellaneous Uses and Abuses of the Relative" (p. 104). "... if we are to be at the expense of maintaining two different relatives," he writes, "we may as well give them definite work to do." Admirable point!

Consider the case of my nephew, Alaric Uphstable, and his wife Alice. For months after their projection into our family circle Alaric never once left his bed before the evening Alert, and his only contribution towards our communal comfort was a weekly ring left round the bath. His wife offered nothing beyond a flow of non-constructive criticism about our furniture, beginning by being merely an arm-chair critic but later finding fault with everything, from the kitchen chairs to the jammed door of the cellarette.

Obviously we were "at the expense of maintaining two different kinds of relatives"—different, that is, from the kind we should prefer to maintain, and we felt entitled to give them "definite work to do." It was hinted that Alaric might make his own bed and keep the sand-bucket filled while his wife gave up insulting the furniture and settled her own liquor-bills; if they continued to prove insubordinate, we said, we should drop them. Actually, these suggestions resulted in their dropping *us*, and they are now back in their blasted house near the "Nag's Head."

On the whole it is the older relatives which are the hardest to dislodge and the most trying to entertain. My Professor illustrates this by an apt quotation from Meredith. "How to keep a proper balance," he quotes, "between these ... old testy wranglers, that rarely pull the right way together, is as much ..." (p. 89).

And it certainly is. To think of the trouble we have had since my grandfather and my wife's father were both blown into our custody in the same week-end! One wanted to play darts, the other preferred dominoes; one liked light ale, the other dark; one liked arguing, the other loved it. The whole trouble was, in fact, that they had nothing in common, not even a family tree, retrospectively speaking; and my Professor puts his finger shrewdly on this point when he says (p. 87) ... "the distinction between the two kinds of relative is based entirely on the closeness of their relation to their antecedents." So, in the case

under review, the blame almost seems to rest with my wife and myself for having married without our families' having had anything to do with one another previously; but as we were not to know at the time, of course, that these two "old testy wranglers" were to enter our intimate circle, we feel that we may be in some measure exonerated from blame.

The Professor supplies more support of the contention that older relatives are difficult to handle by two further quotations (p. 101) which may as well be set down here before the subject is abandoned:

"Instinctively apprehensive of her father, whom she supposed it was, she stopped in the dark."—*Dickens*.  
 "But I have besought my mother

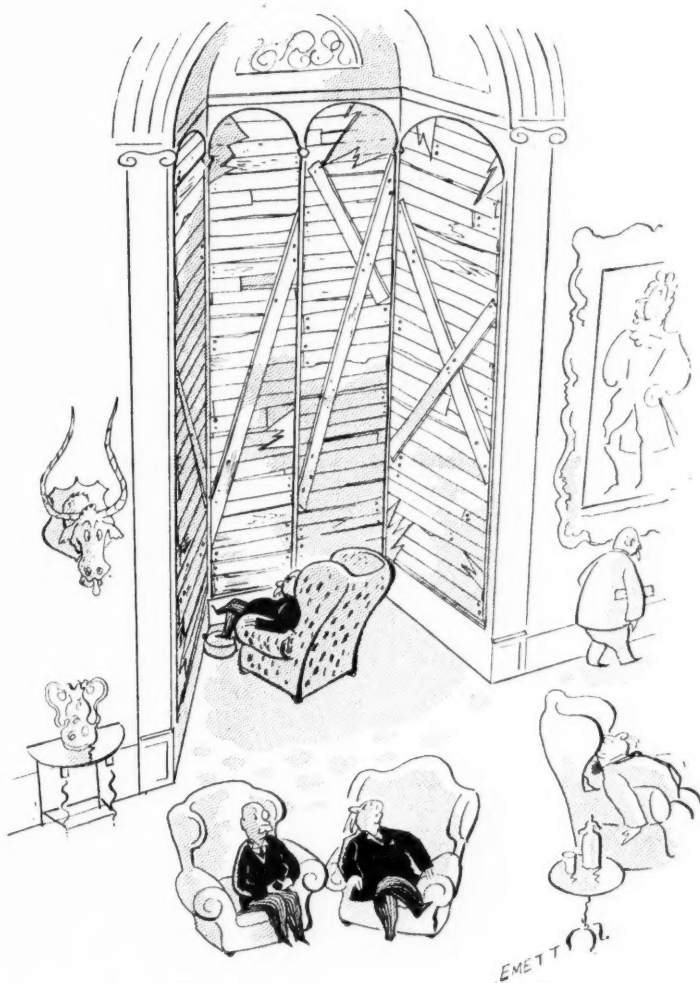
... for fear of whom my uncles never stir out without arms ..."  
*Richardson*.

*Verbum*, if I may say so, *sapiential est*.

In conclusion it is only fair, both to the Professor and to my readers, that the fullest publicity should be given to the work whose illuminating study of relatives has made this article possible, if improbable. Fowler's *The King's English* is the title. I would have mentioned it before, but I know some people find grammar tedious.

### Sticky Job

"UNITED MOLASSES WORTH PICKING UP"  
*Heading in Scottish Paper.*



"He's waited years to get that window-seat."



## Times Aren't What They Were.

WHATEVER times may be, poets are still very much what they always were—a trial to their families, a source of considerable astonishment to their acquaintances, and a dead loss to their publishers in the unlikely event of their having any.

This is a story about a girl who was fallen in love with by a poet—which gives you the *modern angle* on the frightfully ancient theme of a poet who fell in love with a girl.

As you will readily believe, this girl would a good deal rather that a man in the Air Force, a man who knew somebody who had something to do with a film studio and might get him a job in crowd-work, or even a man in the B.B.C., had fallen in love with her.

But it had to be this poet.

He said to her:

"Curlylocks, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?"

because she had quite recently had an extraordinarily successful permanent wave and it seemed to him a suitable name.

But Curlylocks would have preferred Ann, which was what thirty-eight of her friends were called, or else Judy, which was the name of the remaining seventeen.

However, she let that go and concentrated on explaining to him that to talk of her being *his* was rather waste of time because it was an out-of-date point of view, and she asked whether he didn't ever read any books about how awful everything was and especially Love.

The poet, who took a professional

attitude about Love—which, as a poet, he was practically bound to do—told her that in *their* case everything would be different and she wouldn't even have to wash the dishes.

Curlylocks had her answer ready, as you may suppose. Who, she asked, *would* wash them then, with girls rushing off to make munitions or else getting into uniform, and their mothers offering you young Patricia when she left school at forty pounds a year and willing to learn, but would want help with the rough and no scrubbing and wasn't so keen on the cooking, but didn't mind learning the house-and-parlour so long as she didn't have to wear no caps? And no daily help from anywhere because of the evacuees, either.

The poet quickly answered that very likely there wouldn't be many dishes, owing to rationing, and went on to explain that Curlylocks wouldn't be asked to feed the swine either.

(The swine, as you will have guessed, were what would simply have been called the pigs by any ordinary person who wasn't a poet.)

But that didn't go down too well either.

Swine nothing, said Curlylocks. If you think that the Small Pig-Keeper's Association, or whatever it is, enters into my life-pattern *at all*, you couldn't be more wrong. And even if I were far more pig-minded than I am, it still wouldn't do now that there's all this fuss about what they can eat and what they can't eat, and precious little

of either in any case. (Only the word wasn't precious. It didn't even begin with the same letter.)

By this time the poet, recalling all the things about Psychology in Everyday Life that he had read in the Sunday papers and had heard discussed some years earlier between his mother and his nursery governess, saw that this negative approach was taking him nowhere.

He tried the positive, and told Curlylocks that she should sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam.

Curlylocks, however, explained that in the A.T.S.—which she had recently joined—one didn't become a Lance-Corporal by sitting on a cushion but far from it, and that fine seams were better done on a machine than by hand, especially when it came to khaki.

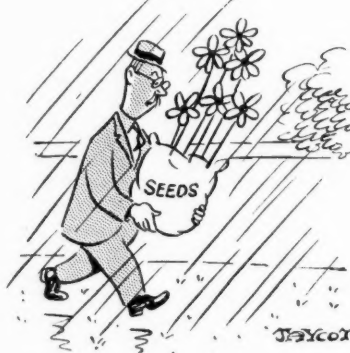
By this time the poet was beginning to wonder if it was any use going on with this, but he made a last effort, and promised her strawberries and sugar and cream.

And did she laugh or did she laugh!

Because every strawberry-bed within miles was planted with onions, and everybody's sugar ration was being pressed into the service for making jam at The Vicarage (now called The Preserving Centre), and as for cream, it was—quite simply—illegal.

So Curlylocks went on with winning the war and the poet went and registered and, whilst waiting to be called up, wrote a long piece of *vers*, frightfully *libre*, about the New Order in England.

E. M. D.



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